

Useful links and places:

-Catholic Worker international websites:

www.catholicworker.com
www.catholicworker.org
www.lacatholicworker.org
www.ca.geocities.com/vancouvercatholicworker

-Radical/Progressive Christianity

www.jesusradicals.org
www.nonviolentjesus.blogspot.com
www.geezmagazine.org
www.catholicanarchy.org
www.anglocatholicsocialism.org
www.disseminary.org
www.tierra-nueva.org
www.treebythewater.org/
www.romancatholicwomenpriests.com

-Anti-War

www.stopwar.ca
www.ivaw.net
www.resisters.ca
www.wri-irg.org

-Other Activism

www.foodnotbombs.net
www.vcn.bc.ca/citizens-handbook
www.iww.org
www.deathpenalty.org
www.eugenevdebs.com
www.freegan.info/?page=home
www.justicia4migrantworkers.org

-Cool Places:

www.gnn.tv
www.spartacusbooks.org
www.bcm-net.org/
www.southcentralfarmers.com
www.commongroundrelief.org
www.freewebs.com/stormnyc/index.htm
www.jonahhouse.org

The Christian Radical.

A Journal of Progressive Christian Thought and Opinion

Vol. 1 Issue: 11 2006, \$0.00 (free)

Shalom

Pax



Salam

Peace

Lord, do not harden Pharaoh's heart

By Boyd Collins

Lord, please do not harden Pharaoh's heart ...but break it open into humility and compassion. Amen.

Lord, each of us is often a Pharaoh, demanding the slavery of those who share our domains. Today, many of your children in Israel have become Pharaohs to the children of Lebanon and Gaza and their hearts are wrapped in cordite.

Break open our encased hearts, O Lord, and make them flow with compassion for all people, not merely our own people. We wish not the death of the Pharaohs, but that they might find their true life, which is hidden in you.

"On a mountain road just south of here, a convoy of Lebanese villagers was fleeing north shortly after the war began. They had heard Israeli soldiers telling them to evacuate.

Suddenly, a rocket struck a pickup truck full of people. Twenty-one people were killed, more than half of them children.

Israel said it believed the convoy was transporting rockets. The convoy had not notified Israel that it was going to make the trip. Those who survived said in interviews that they were simply following Israeli orders to flee the south as best they could."

On the day you hear my voice, harden not your hearts.

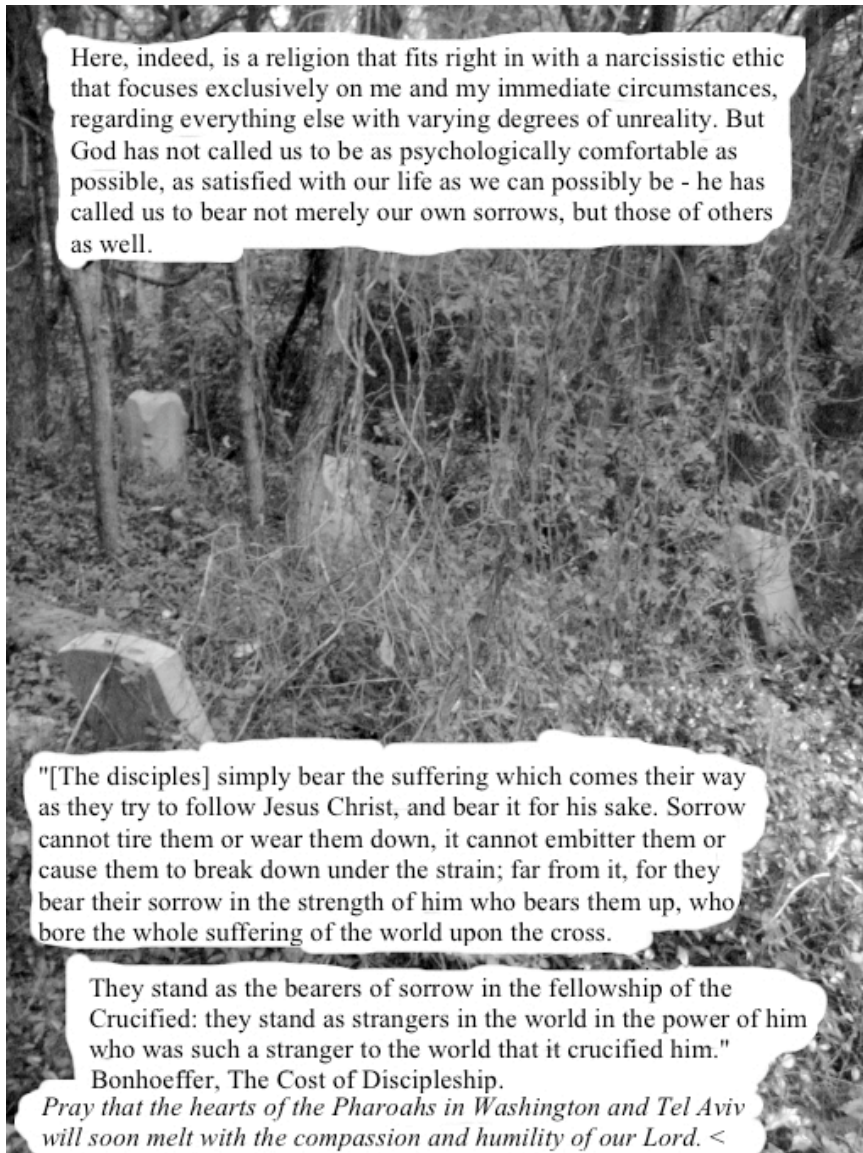
"In one of the worst atrocities since the war began, an Israeli air strike claimed the lives of over 33 farm workers, blown to pieces as they loaded plums and peaches onto trucks at a farm warehouse in the far north of the Bekaa Valley, near the Syrian border.

At least another 20 people were wounded in the attack. Most of the victims were Syrian Kurds. They were taken across the border to Syrian hospitals, because previous bombing raids had demolished roads leading to hospitals in Lebanon itself."

"This massacre of farm workers followed airstrikes that systematically demolished bridges on the main coastal highway linking Beirut and the Lebanese south to the northern half of the country. Marking the first major attacks on the predominantly Christian North, these attacks served to cut the country in two and to cut off the sole remaining lifeline for relief supplies from abroad. At least five people were killed in these bombings, which were conducted during the morning rush hour, including motorists who were crushed to death as the bridges were bombed from beneath them."

And what is the reaction of the orthodox, conservative Christian who places the crucified one at the center of our religion? Adventus perhaps said it best, "Comfortable middle-class Xians don't need apocalyptic literature because life is just dandy, and promises to be better in the sweet bye and bye. If others are suffering, we (us middle-class Xians) are sweetly oblivious to it, or figure God will reward them in the after life (or, more darkly, that they deserve it.

Everybody likes karma because it seems to work so well for them!) This world, in other words, is passing away, but since we find it a comfortable place, we don't mind waiting a while for the passing, and we know what comes next will be even better!"



Here, indeed, is a religion that fits right in with a narcissistic ethic that focuses exclusively on me and my immediate circumstances, regarding everything else with varying degrees of unreality. But God has not called us to be as psychologically comfortable as possible, as satisfied with our life as we can possibly be - he has called us to bear not merely our own sorrows, but those of others as well.

"[The disciples] simply bear the suffering which comes their way as they try to follow Jesus Christ, and bear it for his sake. Sorrow cannot tire them or wear them down, it cannot embitter them or cause them to break down under the strain; far from it, for they bear their sorrow in the strength of him who bears them up, who bore the whole suffering of the world upon the cross.

They stand as the bearers of sorrow in the fellowship of the Crucified: they stand as strangers in the world in the power of him who was such a stranger to the world that it crucified him."
Bonhoeffer, *The Cost of Discipleship*.

Pray that the hearts of the Pharoahs in Washington and Tel Aviv will soon melt with the compassion and humility of our Lord. <



It's Sunday, almost, still early
By Melissa Sillitoe

And one starlit moonflower
releases, opens, shines!
Moon-vine grips, embeds

chain shadowlinkfence.
It's not-quite-dawn.
crickets urge *believe, leave,*

dreamshaken ash
stirs, one more
Sunday unfurls.

Hushed, stealthy, waking
dream, dewdamp eden,
wild, wild, relentless green!

What backlights musky
azaleas, darktangled
moonflowers, lacy gate,

turns midnight sky
to dew? What lights
4 a.m. windchill beds?

Maybe light brings
warmth. Again. Forgive me,
I forget green,

these dark days
we stumble,
shake us awake.

Portland OR/June 2006 <

I'll Not Go Quietly

By Steven Woods

I had forgotten how much pepper spray sucks. Ever been hit with the stuff? It burns for hours, and if you take a shower or wash it off? Forget it.

Think about it for a second. Try to put yourself in my position. You have a problem with something, and you've been told, "if you have a problem, talk to a ranking officer". So you ask to speak with a Sgt. When he shows up, he's got an attitude, like you're harassing him or something. He won't look you in the eye and refuses to even listen to your complaints. His parting statements to his CO are "VR (verbally refuse) his recreation", punishment for wasting his time.

That's what happened to me today, and it was the last nail in my coffin. What would you do? Me? I don't take any fucking shit from these swine. I told him "you can't fucking VR me, you can't take my rec".

He says, "you're not gonna dictate my recreation schedule."

Me: "yeah, but I can dictate whether or not you go home on time," And I did, too.

As it happened, I did get to go to recreation, because the CO I'm cool with already had it on the paperwork. But with my pending disciplinary case about to drop me to the hole, I decided to speed things up a bit.

You should have seen the Sgt's face when he came up to my cell and found me handcuffed to my cell door about an hour til shift change. The situation was still salvageable. All I wanted was an apology for his earlier disrespect. Instead?

"You better give back my handcuffs, or I'll gas the shit out of you."

Me: "I can't. I'd like to, but I can't." (So I lied, I could have gotten them off the door; at this point they weren't fully locked.)

Swine: "Then I'll gas the shit out of you," (not the brightest swine, eh?)

Me: "Okay; hey that's what you want to do. But there's no way I can give you the cuffs, they're locked to the fucking door."

Swine: "Then I'll come in there and get them."

Me: "Ok, but look, the door's not gonna open. See? I've got it locked up pretty good."

Swine: "Then I'll tear the door down and tear your arm off with it."

He actually said that. Oh well, there's no reasoning with these bastards. LT came down to try to talk me out of the cuffs, but by then I had locked them and jammed the lock. At this point, there was one situation: cut the cuffs off the door, which is what they did. By now it's probably 15 minutes til shift change, the situation, as they saw it, was under control. I don't know why, but they actually thought I'd give them back the handcuffs so they could all just go home. Nope, a use of force generates a staggering amount of paperwork, and since that was my goal- to keep them here, covered in gas doin paperwork when they were supposed to be home with their wives. Shift changes at 6 pm. They were there til 9 pm.



The use of force was the most violent one I've faced yet. They're all pretty rough, but these guys beat the fuck out of me. The cell is a small space and the camera doesn't pick up what they're doing to me in there. I expected it and was prepared for it, but fuck me man, they got me good. Do you ever remember hearing how the pigs used cotton swabs loaded with pepper spray on protesters in the Matole's? I was there for a while shortly before my arrest. These swine covered their hands in the shit and rubbed it all over my body. One of them used his gas soaked thumb to run the shit directly into my eyes. Yeah, this round goes to the swine, as far as that goes. It is by no means over, though. That was just a spur of the moment deal. I'm getting myself situated right now, getting my bearings and trying to get some other radicals on the same page. I've had enough of being treated like this, and well, vacation is over.

Right now, I'm stuck in a paper hospital gown with nothing in my cell but this paper, pen & a bit of soap my neighbor gave me. I owe the state \$75 for damage to the door. Who knows how long it will take to get this missive to ya. My road from here on in is gonna be long and rough. Thanks for struggling with me comrades. A big fucking oi to all o' ya.

Burnt & Bruised & Bleeding & Covered in pepper spray,

Punk Rock til the bloody end,



In strength & solidarity,
Steven Woods
Polunsky Death Camp <

Justice. A Moving Target?

By Sarah Bjorknas


It might be, depending on your perspective.

If you live in the 1st world or global north it might mean the rule of law, a secure state where the citizens are guided or held in check by the police and the court system. A place where people don't have to take much personal action in order to create or maintain this justice.

If you live in the global south it might mean finding ways to support your family or even your village or community, under the burden of crippling debt owed by your state to another state or an international body like the World Bank or the International Monetary Fund. You might have to struggle with extra barriers to your economic survival because your family is indigenous or from an ethnic minority.

Perhaps you've had to migrate from the place where you were born or where your family roots are and are trying to decipher your place in a new cultural and economic system that seems like it doesn't support you.

Maybe there are fundamental and life-threatening political, cultural or religious differences among the people of your state or region. Justice might mean redress for wrongs committed long ago or just yesterday, because of these differences.



In my experience, whatever anyone thinks may be just, or what action we may think will bring justice, it is simply not clear cut, black or white, the result of some reciprocal activity that ends up with a zero sum, debt paid.

And this realization is painful.

Here I sit, in my relatively privileged existence in Canada, where my daily activities do not have to take into consideration my level of freedom or safety.

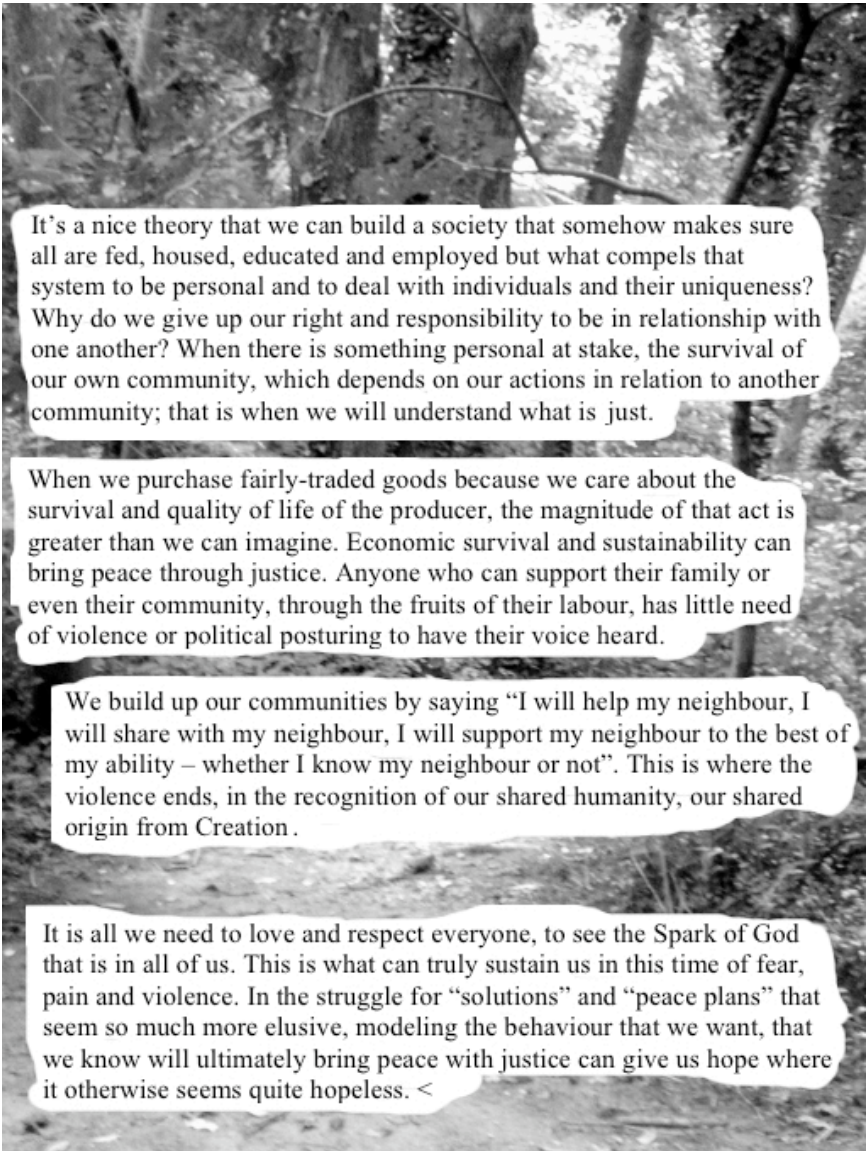
And I see Iraq, where life under the previous government was for most Iraqis oppressive if not dangerous. I see a foreign intervention and occupation that has brought down that government, under false pretenses, and resulted in another kind of oppression and danger. The prognosis of both continuing and ending the occupation is one of upheaval and bloodshed.

What is just depends on who you ask.

And I see Israel, Palestine and Lebanon, Afghanistan, Pakistan and India. I see centuries of shifting borders and allegiances, religion used for power and violence, peoples oppressed and paralyzed by fear and endless violence. The people want their land, their sacred space back.

Which people, which border, which empire?

I see a deep desire for peace, with justice. But who's version of justice? The only real justice I can see takes no account of states, borders, governments and houses of worship. It wipes the slate clean completely. It starts fresh with the dignity of Creation and all it contains. It is in our nature to care for one another. It is also in our nature to define our "family" in the biggest, broadest sense.



It's a nice theory that we can build a society that somehow makes sure all are fed, housed, educated and employed but what compels that system to be personal and to deal with individuals and their uniqueness? Why do we give up our right and responsibility to be in relationship with one another? When there is something personal at stake, the survival of our own community, which depends on our actions in relation to another community; that is when we will understand what is just.

When we purchase fairly-traded goods because we care about the survival and quality of life of the producer, the magnitude of that act is greater than we can imagine. Economic survival and sustainability can bring peace through justice. Anyone who can support their family or even their community, through the fruits of their labour, has little need of violence or political posturing to have their voice heard.

We build up our communities by saying "I will help my neighbour, I will share with my neighbour, I will support my neighbour to the best of my ability – whether I know my neighbour or not". This is where the violence ends, in the recognition of our shared humanity, our shared origin from Creation.

It is all we need to love and respect everyone, to see the Spark of God that is in all of us. This is what can truly sustain us in this time of fear, pain and violence. In the struggle for "solutions" and "peace plans" that seem so much more elusive, modeling the behaviour that we want, that we know will ultimately bring peace with justice can give us hope where it otherwise seems quite hopeless. <

Revolutionary Nonviolence

By John Dear
June, 2003

In the wake of the U.S. invasion of Iraq, our relentless pursuit of global domination, nuclear brinkmanship, corporate greed and silent oppression of the world's poor, I turn again to the great peacemakers of history, from Jesus of Nazareth and Francis of Assisi to Dorothy Day and Mohandas Gandhi for wisdom to practice revolutionary nonviolence against imperial America.

Our government, the Pentagon, its warmakers and corporate rulers have set out with renewed energy to control the planet. The public by and large has been terrorized or pacified to accept every new imperial pronouncement with passive indifference, whether the loss of civil liberties, the threatened use of nuclear weapons, or "regime change."

The empire would have us believe that democracy and peace have been fully realized, when instead, we have reached Orwell's permanent war. Nonetheless, people of integrity and conscience need to dig deeper into that revolutionary nonviolence which sows seeds for a future of peace. This revolutionary nonviolence seeks the fall of imperial, nuclear America and the birth of a new nonviolent, democratic society dedicated to global disarmament, justice for the world's poor, and peace for the whole human family.

Our peacemaking ancestors gave their lives for this vision. They did not live to see it come about, but that did not stop them from sowing the seeds, which have blossomed within us. We too have to commit ourselves again to that long haul work of sowing the seeds of peace and justice, knowing that we can contribute to a harvest somewhere down the road. This work requires withdrawing our cooperation from imperial America; resisting imperial America through steadfast, nonviolent action; building a new society within

the shell of the old, through constructive work for racial and economic justice; and envisioning a new world of nonviolence beyond imperial America.

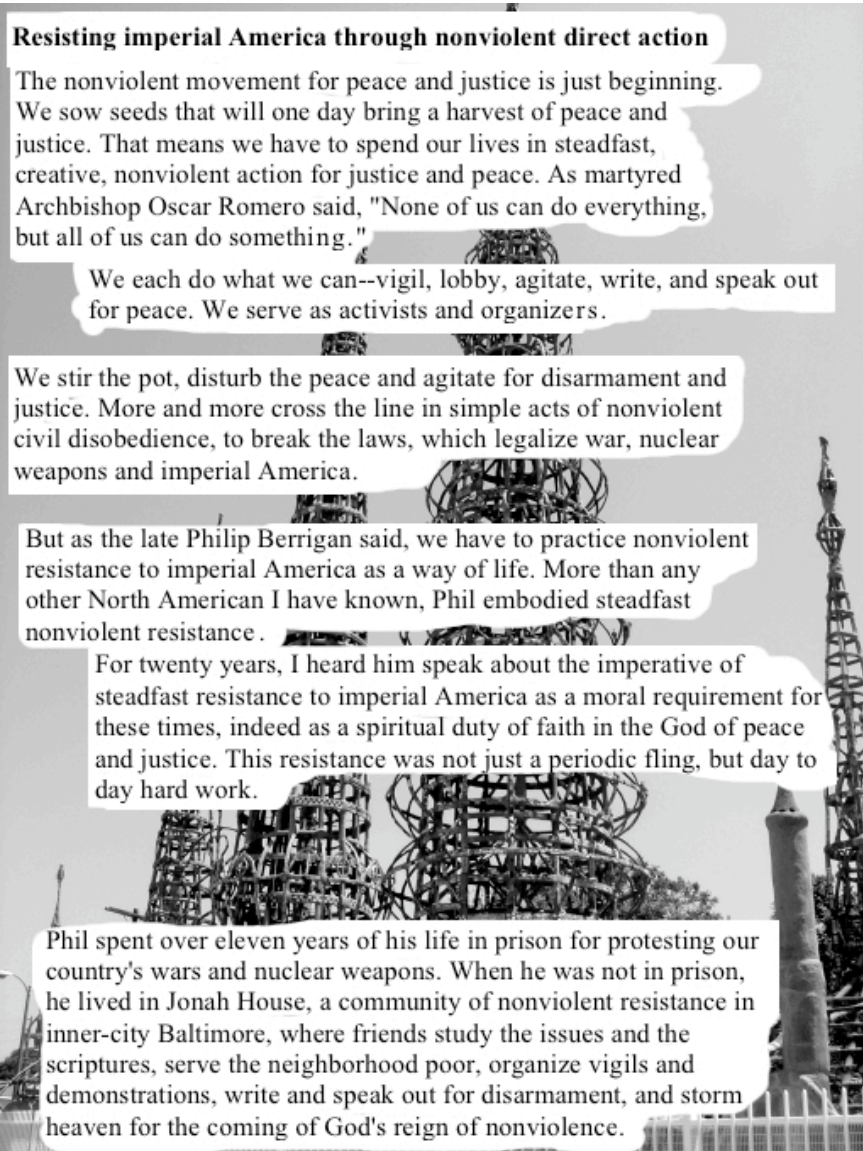
Withdrawing cooperation from imperial America

"Non-cooperation with evil is as much a duty as cooperation with good," Gandhi said throughout his life. Just as he concluded that non-cooperation with imperial Britain was a duty for all Indians, we conclude that non-cooperation with imperial America is a duty for us. Somehow we have to withdraw our cooperation more and more from the system of war, nuclear weapons, economic hegemony, global oppression of the poor, and imperial violence.

We have to help others realize that we are an occupied people, living in the belly of the empire, so they can withdraw their cooperation with the system of institutionalized injustice, what Jonathan Schell calls "total violence."

Our nonviolent non-cooperation will take simple, concrete steps, from canceling subscriptions to the mass media which support imperial war (The New York Times, the Washington Post); to boycotting the TV media that support war; seeking alternative sources of information; putting away the flag; cutting back on fuel consumption; refusing to pay war taxes; no longer supporting businesses which endorse America's war; and urging young people not to join the military.

(This past year, I counseled many young people in the desert of New Mexico where I live, to turn down the tempting offers from military recruiters who sought to entrap them. Several of these young people not only refused to join the military, but joined the peace movement instead.)



Resisting imperial America through nonviolent direct action

The nonviolent movement for peace and justice is just beginning. We sow seeds that will one day bring a harvest of peace and justice. That means we have to spend our lives in steadfast, creative, nonviolent action for justice and peace. As martyred Archbishop Oscar Romero said, "None of us can do everything, but all of us can do something."

We each do what we can--vigil, lobby, agitate, write, and speak out for peace. We serve as activists and organizers.

We stir the pot, disturb the peace and agitate for disarmament and justice. More and more cross the line in simple acts of nonviolent civil disobedience, to break the laws, which legalize war, nuclear weapons and imperial America.

But as the late Philip Berrigan said, we have to practice nonviolent resistance to imperial America as a way of life. More than any other North American I have known, Phil embodied steadfast nonviolent resistance.

For twenty years, I heard him speak about the imperative of steadfast resistance to imperial America as a moral requirement for these times, indeed as a spiritual duty of faith in the God of peace and justice. This resistance was not just a periodic fling, but day to day hard work.

Phil spent over eleven years of his life in prison for protesting our country's wars and nuclear weapons. When he was not in prison, he lived in Jonah House, a community of nonviolent resistance in inner-city Baltimore, where friends study the issues and the scriptures, serve the neighborhood poor, organize vigils and demonstrations, write and speak out for disarmament, and storm heaven for the coming of God's reign of nonviolence.

This might sound romantic or idealistic, but Phil made revolutionary nonviolence a day to day spiritual practice. He did not just dream about it, speak about it, or write about it. He lived it, suffered through it, and died last December resisting imperial America. We can learn from Phil's example, and commit ourselves anew to that same tireless, persistent resistance.

Building a new society within the shell of the old

As we resist imperial America, we join the local struggle to bring justice to the poor, jobs to the unemployed, housing to the homeless, food to the hungry, healthcare to the sick, education for our children, positive activities for our youth, and clean, safe, healthy environments for all. As we work locally for justice, we stand in solidarity with the millions around the world who struggle each day to survive, working not just for the rights of justice, but the basic necessities of life.

Gandhi insisted that if his people wanted independence, they had to start acting like they were free and take responsibility for their own lives, their own local communities, and their own local, concrete issues of poverty. He would not let his people wait for some glorious independence day down the road before they started to reform their nation; he demanded that everyone pitch in right now.

Dorothy Day called this constructive program "building a new society within the shell of the old." Her Catholic Worker movement today runs over 150 Houses of Hospitality where the homeless live in their homes, not as shelter clients, but as family. They receive both food, loving kindness, and the strength to rebuild their lives.

Everyone of us can serve in a local neighborhood, in our region or state to bring about positive changes for the poor and disenfranchised, to transform our local community even as we seek the global transformation to come. The trick is to make the connection between our grassroots work for peace and justice and the global movement of transforming, revolutionary nonviolence.

Envisioning a new world of nonviolence beyond imperial America

One of the casualties of a culture of war is the loss of our imagination. Our people can no longer even imagine a world without war or violence or poverty or nuclear weapons. Few dream of a world of nonviolence.

Dorothy Day called our military leaders and nuclear weapons manufacturers "the blindest of the blind." Our blindness has become total, yet we do not think we are blind. We think we know what we are doing and what is good for others. But we are clueless.

Since our blind leaders are driving us to the brink of destruction, we have to take the wheel, point the way out, and lead one another away from the brink, beyond imperial America, into a new future of peace with justice. We have to envision that new world to come. If we can uphold that vision and help one another imagine a world without war or nuclear weapons, we can help make that dream a reality. But we cannot expect vision from the warmakers or their media spokespeople. Only peacemakers can see the way forward toward a world of peace.

To be visionaries of peace we need to be contemplatives of nonviolence, people who imagine the God of peace, who let God disarm our hearts, who allow the God of peace to show us the way to peace. As visionaries and contemplatives of peace, we can then become a prophetic people who not only denounce imperial America as ungodly, immoral, and evil, but announce the coming of God's reign of nonviolence and justice.

Like the abolitionists who envisioned a world without slavery, we envision a world without war, poverty, imperial domination and nuclear weapons. We give our lives to that vision, and go forward trusting that one day, it will come true.

I think we are all called to this life of revolutionary nonviolence, to be sowers of justice and peace, resisters of imperial America, builders of justice and peace on the grassroots level and visionaries who point the way toward global transformation. We can learn from our ancestors in history's struggles for justice and peace not to be discouraged, but to keep at the work, keep speaking the truth, keep walking the road to peace.

As Philip Berrigan once said to me, "We are all expected to do good, to seek justice and to resist evil. We will have to resist war for the rest of our lives. We're called to serve the poor, resist the state and be ignored, ostracized and sent to jail because we do that. We all have to take responsibility for the Bomb. But this new responsibility will breed all sorts of life-giving, salvific benefits in our lives. It will create the new human person, the new creation, the just social order." <



The Other Objective

By Chris Rooney

Adapted from a journal entry for August 11, 2006.

I awoke from a dream, which caused me great distress:

I was in charge of a bookstore called The Christian Radical and a man came in from out of the rain. He went into the shelves to browse and came back with an anthology of writings by the early Celtic Saints. I looked at it and someone had drawn large X's across the cover and across all the inside pages with black permanent marker.

My first reaction was to try and explain to the man that this was a new store and that the whole stock had been donated to us, so I had no control over the quality of the merchandise, though even as I said this in the dream it felt like a poor and irresponsible excuse. Then I tried to offer the man a deal on the book, I told him that I would cut the price in half or mark it down for him, as I looked on the inside cover to see what it was priced as I saw that it cost \$52.00. The book had been made worthless.

After waking up I was really upset, it was apparent to me that this dream was telling me something very important but I wasn't yet sure what it was. I went outside after morning prayers and sat on a bench in the graveyard to pray about it.

At length I received some insight that the bookstore was this zine and that there was something about it, something wrong which was rendering all the good stuff worthless. I felt strongly that I had to re-read the manifesto we printed last month. In the light of my dream even from the first sentence in our aims and means what I had written seemed to be full of arrogance and self-certainty.

And instead of bringing forward faith, or peace, or the good news of the Gospels in a spirit of humility my writing sounded hollow and in its shadow every other article felt trite or lacking in humility or charity.

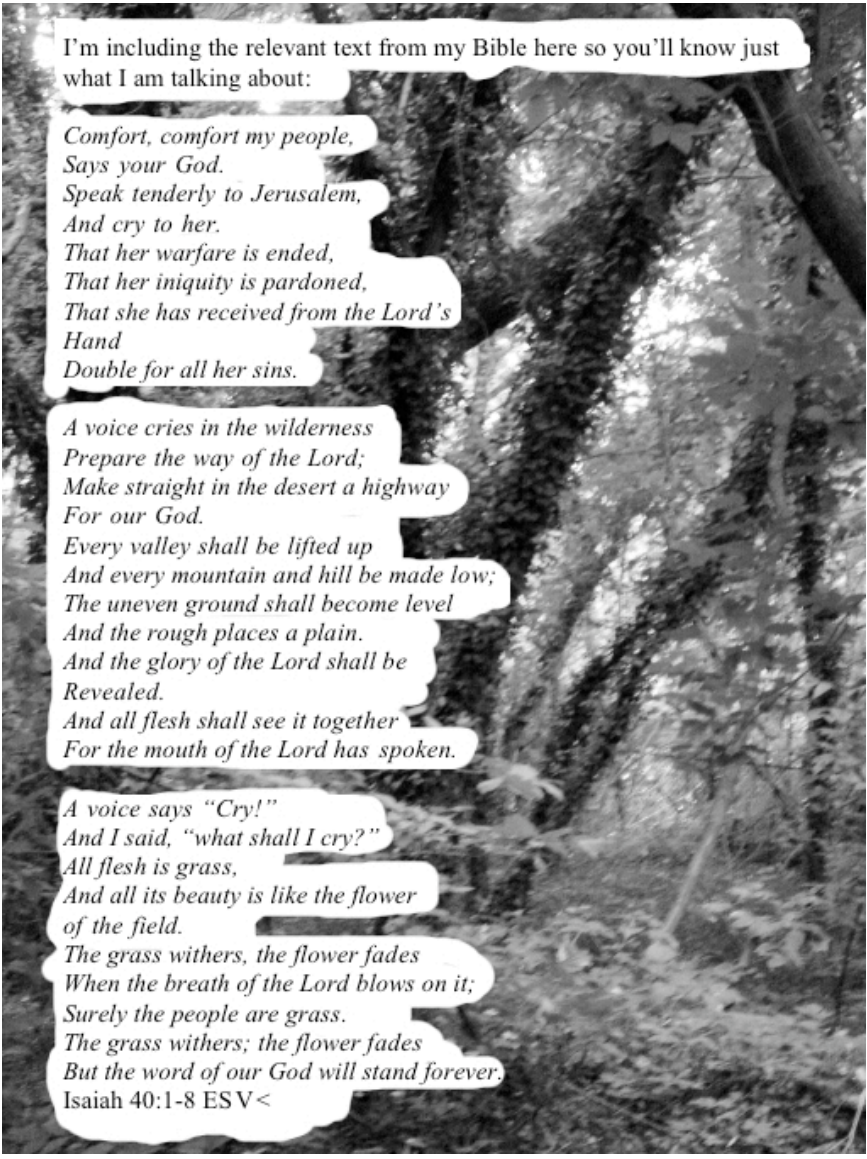
I sat and prayed to know what to do and how to fix this. I never felt through all of this that I should call it quits, rather that I needed to take stock, so to speak. That's when the line in Mathew where John the Baptist quotes Isaiah came to mind.

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness; prepare the way of the Lord; make straight his paths." Matthew 3:3 ESV



I thought about this quote and wondered what else Isaiah had written. Thanks to the help of a friend here at Jonah House I was able to find the quote in the text of Isaiah. In its original context I found what feels even now like the real mission of this paper, what I hope and pray that we could accomplish. And I found it stated in a language that was full of everything my own had lacked.

At the time I thought maybe that this should replace what I had written to be *The Aims and Means of the Christian Radical* but in the days since these events have taken place, my feeling has come to be more that they compliment each other, that together they might point towards and explain one another and--I pray--that together they prove to be our real aims and means.



I'm including the relevant text from my Bible here so you'll know just what I am talking about:

*Comfort, comfort my people,
Says your God.
Speak tenderly to Jerusalem,
And cry to her.
That her warfare is ended,
That her iniquity is pardoned,
That she has received from the Lord's
Hand
Double for all her sins.*

*A voice cries in the wilderness
Prepare the way of the Lord;
Make straight in the desert a highway
For our God.
Every valley shall be lifted up
And every mountain and hill be made low;
The uneven ground shall become level
And the rough places a plain.
And the glory of the Lord shall be
Revealed.
And all flesh shall see it together
For the mouth of the Lord has spoken.*

*A voice says "Cry!"
And I said, "what shall I cry?"
All flesh is grass,
And all its beauty is like the flower
of the field.
The grass withers, the flower fades
When the breath of the Lord blows on it;
Surely the people are grass.
The grass withers; the flower fades
But the word of our God will stand forever.
Isaiah 40:1-8 ESV <*

Taking Both Sides Compassionately.

By Joshua Eaton

Living the past two and a half months at a Tibetan Buddhist monastery in the mountains of upstate New York is probably the closest I have ever come to life beneath a rock. There were no newspapers, no Internet access, no television, no radio--a blessing, but one that isolated us. My own self-imposed fast from politics and activism only deepened this. Still, bits of news found their way to me through visitors about the current Israel-Lebanon conflict. Hearing these scattered bits, I could do little but shake my head in disgust and pray for all involved. Only since I left the retreat have I had a chance to sit down and read about the horror that has been unfolding.

No one is acting sanely. Hezbollah is bent on the complete destruction of the State of Israel, and has little qualms about who it kills toward that end. Israel, for its part, has repeatedly target civilian infrastructures and ignored international law, both in Lebanon and in the West Bank. Even as I write these words, Hezbollah and Israel are trying to destroy as much as possible ahead of a cease-fire. Both sides have committed actions amounting to war crimes.

I do not know what the solution to the continuous violence in the Middle East is, nor would I claim to. I do know that we live in a time when religious fundamentalism and nationalism are causing unbelievable horrors, both at home and abroad. And I know that incredible suffering is the inevitable result of valuing one's ideals and beliefs more than human life, no matter how seemingly noble those beliefs might be.

At times it seems as though everyone involved in these conflicts has completely lost their mind, and there's nowhere to stand. At the same time, it's all too easy to get caught up in the gory details, in who did what to whom, in who's "right" or "justified"--a global game of "he started it" in which the stakes are innocent lives.

In the face of all of that, we have to try to remember our basic sanity. Taking sides will only contribute to the rising energy of violence and aggression. I read a remarkable quote recently from a Croatian Buddhist, Zarko Andricevic: "...not to take either side ideologically is to be on both sides compassionately. Not taking sides through wisdom is thus inseparable from true responsibility and concern for those who are the real victims in any conflict."



The United States--under the encouragement of neoconservatives and Christian fundamentalists--is already decidedly with Israel, which receives about 1/3 of our military aid every year. American liberals, on the other hand, spend hours decrying Israel's atrocities--and they are atrocities--with barely a peep about the atrocities perpetrated by Islamic fundamentalism and Palestinian nationalism. If there is any hope in this situation, however, it must transcend these two extreme positions. Instead, it must come from a place of openness and compassion toward everyone involved. We must join both sides compassionately. <

It's So Simple...

By Lisa Farrall

Be nice to each other for a change.

Consider the Universe and your surroundings.

The Universe wanted you here for a reason. Here and now. It can sustain you.

There are so many people trapped in worry; be nice to them. They are frantic about getting to an appointment on time so that they can make money to pay the bills. Cut them some slack.

Be nice to each other for a change.

The personal representative of the Good in the Universe told us that the Universe can take care of its own.

The Creator of the Universe set in place systems that generate entire galaxies. Novas. Worlds. And you.

The Spirit of Creation is in you each time you draw breath. Each time you see a sunset or rainbow and are impressed by the beauty of it. This small miracle of beauty in creation. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. And you are the beholder...

You may be surrounded by people who aren't nice, because they're trapped by their own worries. They're only trying to pay the bills. Cut them some slack. You know the Universe wanted each of you right here and right now. They might not. They might be stuck in consumer driven obsession or depression. Give them some space to encounter the universe personally.

You don't worry about what you wear or what tomorrow might bring. The Universe saw to it that you were born and raised just as you are, right here and right now, to be exactly who you are. Here and Now. Who needs power play or self-sabotage?

The chaos in the system generates enough trouble in each day, get over it. You are here for good. Who else is going to recognise the beauty in tonight's sunset in the same way you will?

Consider the Universe. Out of all the millions of systems and physical phenomena that make up all of the galaxies, star systems and our own solar system, here is Earth. And here are you. The Universe wanted you here. Consider the creative force that designed the systems that generated the galaxies, systems, strings and forces... and You.

You personally are necessary here and now. The Universe saw to it that you came to be, here and now. All the people around you also, just so precious. Personally designed and implemented by the systems that generated the cosmos. Perfectly here and now, just like you.

Love God.
Love others.
It's so simple. <



“We believe so we speak”
2nd Corinthians 4:13

Sarah Bjorknas is co-founder of Samaritan House (the Catholic Worker community in Vancouver BC Canada) She is also the Vancouver coordinator of the War Resisters Support Campaign.

+ + +

John Dear is a Jesuit priest, peace activist, and the author/editor of 20 books on peace and nonviolence, including most recently “The Questions of Jesus” and “Living Peace”, both published by Doubleday. Also look for his new book “You Will Be My Witnesses” (available from Orbis Books). He lives in New Mexico. For further information and other writings, see: www.johndear.org his article is reprinted here with his permission.

+ + +

Boyd Collins has been a peace activist and member of Pax Christi for several years. In the 1980's he lived in a Trappist monastery under the direction of John Eudes Bamberger, who was one of Thomas Merton's friends at Gethsemane. He has since then raised a family and tried to be as active as he can in working for peace and justice. His main outlet for this activism is the blog www.nonviolentjesus.blogspot.com

+ + +

Steven Woods is currently serving a death sentence at a Federal prison in Texas. He has a blog at www.anarchyinchains.com If you would like to write to Steven you can send mail to Steven Woods #999472 Polunsky Unit 3872 FM 350 S Livingston, TX 77351.

+ + +

Joshua Eaton is one crazy, Buddhist, Anarchist, musician, man, woman, ex-Catholic, loyal, passionate, light of the world, academic, humble, complicated, lustful, silly, minimalist, divine, broken, exalted, lovesick, scared, talented, integrated, hypocritical, beloved, sexy motherfucker. He has been a long time reader of The Christian Radical and has a website at www.stu.westga.edu/~jeaton1/

+ + +

Lisa Farrall is from Australia. A 39 single mother of two, rock climber, ex-biker, ex-druggie, ex-Pentecostal fundamentalist In her spare time she paint things,

writes and try to work out how to follow Jesus in a country where his words have been twisted to support the kind of religious abuse he opposed

+ + +

Karl Germyn discovered his faith in God through the care and love of his parents and friends. An avid writer he has recently moved back to Salmon Arm in the interior of British Columbia. He has a blog at www.livejournal.com/users/rhykan his favourite colour is green. He does the text editing for *The Christian Radical* and rocks the shit out of Dungeons & Dragons.

+ + +

Chris Rooney is a writer and musician who lives in Vancouver, British Columbia. He is a member of the Catholic Worker movement and hopes to open a new house of hospitality in Vancouver. He does the formatting and art editing for this zine and can be reached at the.christian.radical.zine@gmail.com he also has a blog at www.wasp-water.blogspot.com

+ + +

Photographs in this zine are courtesy of Joy Ellison, holylandtrust.org, flagblackened.net, Karen Pink, Chris Rooney and Adam Christian Robertson and they are used with our gratitude.

+ + +

If you would like to help The Christian Radical to continue publishing there are many ways you can; we are always in need of new and original artwork and written content. We accept submissions any time at the.christian.radical.zine@gmail.com

You can also subscribe for free to receive the online edition of this zine every month by writing to thechristianradical@gmail.com Or if you would like to help spread this zine by doing a printing of it for your distro or in your town you can write to us and request the printer friendly version and it can be e-mailed to you as well. Also, for regular updates about coming issues, corrections, protest actions and other essays and news items that don't make it into the zine please visit our blog: www.thechristianradical.blogspot.com

Thank you again for reading,
Karl Germyn and Chris Rooney
Editors, The Christian Radical

